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# THE FIRST NIGHT.

*A COMIC DRAMA,*

IN ONE ACT.

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*First Performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre, on Monday,  
October 1, 1849.*

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## CHARACTERS.

THE HON. BERTIE FITZDANGLE....	MR. CRAVEN.
HYACINTH PARNASSUS .....	MR. WYNN.
THEOPHILUS VAMP .....	MR. STACEY.
TIMOTHEUS FLAT.....	MR. J. W. RAY.
ACHILLE TALMA DUFARD .....	MR. A. WIGAN.
EMILIE ANTOINETTE ROSE.....	MISS LOUISA HOW
MISS ARABELLA FITZJAMES .....	MISS SANDERS.

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## COSTUMES—MODERN.

*Dufard*.—Long surtout, dark trousers, white cravat, grey and bald wig.

*Rose*.—Plain dark silk dress, French fashion, small plain collar and cuffs.

*Arabella*.—Fashionable and stylish carriage dress.

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*This piece is the property of Mr. J. M. Maddox, and cannot  
be performed without his permission.*

## THE FIRST NIGHT!

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SCENE I.—*Sitting Room in Achille Talma Dufard's Lodging, second floor. Door 2 E. L., leading to his Bedchamber. Door 2 E. R., leading to the Bedchamber of his Daughter. Door in flat.—Furniture, (plain) Table, two Chairs, and Writing Materials.*

*Enter FITZDANGLE at Door in flat, which had been left ajar.*

FITZDANGLE. I've managed to slip up unperceived. Surely these must be the rooms—it can't be any higher, or no human being could possibly undergo the exhausting process of the journey more than once in the twenty-four hours! Yes! this must be the place where Rose vegetates with that stupid old actor whom she has the misfortune to call papa. The obstinate donkey! Because his wife happened to be an Englishwoman, and his daughter consequently speaks our language like a native, he persists in making an actress of her, and of trying to bring her out upon a London stage; but I'll—

DUFARD. (*without*) Rose!

FITZ. That's the animal's voice.

DUF. (*without, louder*) Rose!

ROSE. (*without, R. H.*) Papa!

FITZ. That's the animal's daughter's voice.

DUF. (*without*) Are you awake?

FITZ. A sensible question, to ask her if she's awake.

ROSE. (*without*) Yes, Papa.

FITZ. It's a pity she didn't complete the joke by saying no.

DUF. (*as before*) Rose!

ROSE. (*as before*) Yes, Papa.

DUF. (*as before*) *Je rappelles tu*, vere did I put my wig?

FITZ. His wig, indeed!

ROSE. (*as before*) When you went to bed, Papa, you hung it on the water bottle.

FITZ. The dirty old pig!

DUF. (*without*) Ah, *bon*! I shall find him.

FITZ. Egad! while he is putting on his wig, as he calls it, I've a great mind to pop in here—there's nothing like a vigorous assault, and, if she consents, I will carry her off to the continent at once.

DUF. (*without*) Rose!

*Enter ROSE hastily from D. 2 E. R.*

ROSE. Here I am, Papa, ~~here I am!~~ (*runs into FITZDANGLE's arms—screams slightly*) Ah! who are you, Sir? what is your business here? How did you get into this room?

FITZ. Hush!

ROSE. Eh; why, I declare it is the Honourable Mr. Fitzdangle, Arabella Fitzjames' adorer!

FITZ. Say rather *your* adorer!

ROSE. Mine!

FITZ. Yes; for your sweet sake I've broken off with her altogether; I leave town to-night for our embassy at Vienna, and, if you consent to accompany me—

ROSE. (*with raillery*) Indeed! I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure; (*with indignation*) and pray, Sir, what have you ever seen in my conduct to lead you to suppose that—

DUF. (*without*) Rose!

ROSE. Ah! Papa's coming: for Heaven's sake, Sir, leave me—leave the room this instant, ~~for~~, if he were to see you here—

FITZ. You don't mean to say that he would refuse such an offer?

ROSE. Unless you wish to make your exit through the window, I'd advise you not to repeat it to *him*. Go, Sir, and never again dare to—(*cross before him and go up*) Ah 'tis too late, he is here!

*Enter DUFARD, Door 2 E. L. H.*

DUF. (*Declaiming*) “*Oui, c'est Agamemnon, c'est ton roi qui t'éveille—*

*Vieux, reconnais la voix qui frappe ton oreille.*”

(*While reciting, he crosses to ROSE's chamber—not seeing her or FITZDANGLE*)

*Dit donc*—Rosey, I ave finish to black your toser pair of boots; oh! *quels amours de petites bottes!* make haste, Miss, and we shall go see Mademoiselle Fitzjames dis mornin. (*FITZDANGLE crosses behind to L.*) She have promise us her protection and—do you hear me, Miss?

ROSE. (c.) Yes, Papa, yes.

DUF. (*sees her*) Ah, you are dere!

ROSE. (*aside to FITZDANGLE, who has concealed himself behind her*) Leave me, Sir.

FITZ. (*to her, aside*) Indeed I shall not.

DUF. Oh, dat good Miss Fitzjames; she have not you talent, my child, but she is rich and fashionable, and she shall procure you a *début*; and den, once you come out, no more of struggle and of *misère*, you sall ave twenty pound of new gown every week, and you sall keep always a little soup and a corner of de fire for *ton vieux papa, eh, bien?*

ROSE. Oh yes, dear father.

DUF. *Bien*, kiss me—(*sees FITZDANGLE*) *Tiens! un inconnu!* Good morning, Sare!

FITZ. (*bowing*) Good morning to you, Sir: how d'ye do, Sir?

DUF. Good morning, how you do? (*aside to ROSE*) Who de devil is he?

ROSE. (*to herself*) What shall I say? I dare not tell him.

To DUFARD) It is a young man—who—who—

DUF. Ah, it is a young man!

FITZ. I have the honor to be an artiste, Sir, an artiste ke yourself and your charming daughter.

DUF. Aha! you play de *comédie*?

FITZ. No, Sir, not exactly; I play the cornet, my name Piston. I play the cornet in Monsieur Baton's orchestra.

DUF. De cornet! ah, I know him—I know de cornet. I now him vell; la, la, la, la, la, la, &c. (*imitating*)

ROSE. (*aside*) Ah, how he is fibbing.

DUF. (*crosses to centre*) *Mon cher camarade*, I am delightful to see you, you shall stop and dine wiz us.



ROSE. (*aside to DUFARD*) Papa, there's nothing in the house!

DUF. So mosh de better, he shall send for someting and stand treat.

FITZ. Excuse me, Sir, and allow me to explain the business which brought me here. I come to—to offer your lovely daughter an engagement.

DUF. Saperlotte! I am ver much oblige to you, Monsieur Piston; and so is my Rose, I am certain—*n'est ce pas, mon enfant?*

ROSE. (*embarrassed*) Y—yes—yes—Sir!

FITZ. And a very good engagement ~~too!~~

DUF. Indeed—where?—In London?

FITZ. No!—

DUF. *En province?*—In de country?

FITZ. (*markedly, regarding Rose attentively*) No—abroad—on the continent, and, if Mademoiselle will consent to start to-morrow—

DUF. Mr. Piston, I tank you ver mosh—*mais* it is de dream of my life to make come out dis child in dis grand *cité*—For dat I ave struggle—for dat I ave pinch—for dat I ave starve, and out she shall come, *n'est ce pas, mon enfant?*

ROSE. Oh! yes, yes, Papa—it is my most ardent wish.

DUF. Look at dat child, Mr. Piston. Why, do you know, Sare, that from only hearing her friend, Miss Fitzjames, two or three times through the new part that lady is going to play at one of your teatres to-night, my little girl can repeat every line of it. Ah! she will make a most astonishing success.

FITZ. (*aside*) Poor old maniac! (*to him*) But, my dear Sir, suppose she should be hissed!

DUF. *Eh bien!* suppose she shall. *Ecoutez, monsieur*, I ave play all de first part in *Tragedie, Comedie, Opera and Ballet*—and *moi*, Achille Talma Dufard, I ave been hiss for five and thirty year.

FITZ. Well, it hasn't killed you yet.

DUF. Bah! I mind him no more as de boz of de fly—*mais*, ven it comes to de orange peel—*parbleu!* it is a leetle too mosh. *Et puis*, M. Piston, when she is come out I sall come out also.

FITZ. You!

DUF. *Certainement!*—Why not?—you like de *artiste* all



de better when dey what you call break your English—you run after them a great deal more when they have a foreign *accent*—now, I ave a little *accent* myself, it is not mosh, but I ave an *accent*—so, when I appear in Macbet, I sall give de, what you call, go by to Mr. Macready.

FITZ. In Macbeth!

DUF. Yes, Sare, in Macbet or Hamlet—I have not make up my mind which. (*gives an imitation of Macready in one of the soliloquies, but with French accent*)—Dere—how you find dat?

FITZ. You may call it breaking the English, but I call it macadamizing it.

ROSE. Hush! I think I hear somebody coming up stairs, Papa!

ARABELLA. (*without*) What! higher up still!—how very dreadful!

ROSE. 'Tis Arabella's voice!

FITZ. (*aside*) The deuce it is!

ARAB. (*without*) Dear me! I'm quite out of breath!

DUF. Ah! *mon dieu*! it is de great Miss Fitzjames—  
*pardon, camarade.* *Exit DUFARD, D.F.*

FITZ. Arabella here! If she sees me, I am lost!

ROSE. But, I thought you had quarrelled and parted?

FITZ. Yes, yes, but she loves me to distraction, and, if she finds me with you, she'll tear my eyes out, and *yours* as well. I must fly, but where?—Ah! this way! (*crosses R. towards Rose's chamber*)

ROSE. No!—that is my room, Sir!

FITZ. So much the better.

ROSE. But you'll find a door which leads on to the staircase—

FITZ. I shall not leave the house, my angel.

*Exit FITZDANGLE door 2 E. R.*

ROSE. Upon my word!—Did ever anybody hear of such a thing?

*Re-enter DUFARD conducting ARABELLA, D. in F.*

DUF. *Entrez, Mademoiselle, entrez!* and permit me to introduce to you—(*looking round*) Eh!—where is dat M. Piston?

ROSE. He has gone, Papa! (*to ARABELLA*) Oh! I feel so much obliged o you for coming!

ARAB. Pray don't mention it ! Well, you are tolerably lodged here—it isn't very stylish.

DUF. *Non*—not very.

ARAB. But it really looks vastly comfortable.

DUF. *Oui—c'est* ver comfortable.

ROSE. Ah ! everybody is not so rich as you, you know.

ARAB. True!—I've nothing to complain of as far as money is concerned ; but, I'm very unhappy, my dear, for all that.

DUF. (*gallantly*) Unhappy !—So young !—So handsome !—wid all the world at your feet !—*Impossible !*

ARAB. Indeed, but I am, though ; for the monster whom I loved—you know him, my dear—the Honourable Mr. Fitzdangle, has picked a quarrel with me, and vows he'll never see me again.

DUF. Oh, dear !—Oh, dear !—dat is bad !—*Ma foi*—I should be mosh sorry for any honourable man to make any love to my Rosey.

ROSE. (*to herself*) My poor Papa !—If he did but know—

ARAB. And the worst of it is that the creature has an immense fortune—£7,000 a year, at least. But, I have a rehearsal at two o'clock for the new piece which is coming out to-night. You wrote to me saying that you wished to see me.

DUF. I had that honor, Mademoiselle, and it vas to recall to your memory the promise you vas so kind to make.

ARAB. About recommending Rose to an engagement. Well, I think I can manage it.

DUF. Oh ! Mademoiselle !—ten million thousand tanks !

ARAB. Yes ; I have already spoken about her, and I think I may venture say that there will be an engagement open for her next week.

ROSE and DUF. (*enraptured*) Oh !

ARAB. As one of the supernumeraries in the forthcoming ballet.

ROSE. (*petrified*) The ballet !—

DUF. Supernumerary !

ARAB. It isn't a very large salary, it is true, but, in these hard times, seven shillings a week is better than nothing, you know.

DUF. Seven shilling !

ARAB. And, as for yourself, they've promised to make an

opening for you in front of the house, as one of the check-takers.

DUF. Checktaker!—an *artiste*—checktaker!—*Sacre tonnerre!*

ARAB. Why not! I'm sure it is a very respectable retreat for an old actor.

DUF. (*with forced calmness*) *C'est possible? mais, voyez vous, Mademoiselle—I am a comédien—I am proud of my profession—artiste I vill live—artiste I vill die—but the means to live vill not fail to me when my daughter shall have made her début!*

ARAB. Made her *début*!—Where, I pray?

DUF. Where!—Here—in London—where you are!

ARAB. (*rising suddenly*) London!—where I am!—upon my word—such pretensions as these—

ROSE. Pretensions!—what pretension is there in it, Miss Fitzjames? Have you not come out, and succeeded?

ARAB. I!—yes!—but that is a very different thing, my good girl—I believe *I* have talent!

DUF. (*getting warm*) Yes—you have—and modesty also—But, Mademoiselle, I had suppose that wiz your great interest in your new Theatre—

ARAB. In my theatre! and, in *my parts*, I suppose!—

DUF. Well—what for not?

ARAB. Ha! ha! ha!—upon my word—ha! ha! ha! the idea is truly laughable—and in *my parts*, too—ha! ha! ha! Why, the man is a perfect idiot? Do you think the audience would allow it? In *my parts*, indeed—a little minikin, pale faced chit like that!

DUF. A what?

ARAB. (*fiercely*) Enough, enough, Sir!—Since such are your ideas, I'm very glad you have taken the trouble to make me aware of them, and, I have the honor to wish you both a very good morning—I should like to see you play Lady Macbeth—in *my parts*, truly—Ha! ha! ha!

*Exit D. in F. laughing.*

DUF. The impertinent!—Ah! I would mosh like to see you in her Teatre, for your talent should take away all de part from her back.

ROSE. Yes, and I could take away her love too, if I chose.

DUF. (*astonished*) *Comment?*

ROSE. Yes, I could, for this young nobleman—the Honourable Mr. Fitzdangle, loves me—he has told me so, and offered to run away with me.

DUF. Run away viz you!—run away vis my child—vis my Rosey from her old fader!

ROSE. Nay, Papa, you needn't be afraid, for I don't love him, and it wasn't with my good will, I assure you, that he was here just now.

DUF. Here just now! What! the young man! the Piston?

ROSE. Yes, that was he, Mr. Fitzdangle himself; but I sent him away.

DUF. Mr. Fitzdangle, de friend of Miss Fitzjames? Ah! bah! but he did not go by me on de stairs—where he is? dat Piston?

ROSE. He—he—went there! (*pointing to her door*)

DUF. *Diable!* *Exit into her chamber, R. 2 E.*

ROSE. But, father! Oh, mercy upon me! if he should find him there!

DUF. (*returning, a sheet of paper in his hand*) He has gone! de oder door was open, and he was right to go! *Saperlotte!* But he has writ someting on this paper which was lay on the table.

ROSE. A letter?

DUF. Yes, only dere is no address on him, *vois ma biche.*

ROSE. I suppose he thought the address was unnecessary. (*taking it and reading*) “I love you, and you only—meet me to night at Dartford, the first stage on the road to Dover, where I shall be waiting for you. If you do not come I'll have you hissed off every stage in Europe. Yours, as you treat me, Bertie Fitzdangle.”—What audacity!

DUF. What impertinence!

“*Oh! rage! Oh, desespoir! Oh! vieillesse ennemie!*”

“*N'ai je pas tant vécu que pour cette infamie?*”

I will tear him to pieces, (*about to tear letter*) *mais attendez—* I have one idea!—yes—why not? there is no address. (*goes up to table, rapidly folds letter*)

ROSE. What are you going to do, Papa?

DUF. Give me my coat—she has insult me—she has humiliate and defy us—*mais nous verrons!*—*vite—une enve-*

lope (*puts letter in envelope*) And now, Miss Fitzjames, mind your eye!

ROSE. Where are you going to send it?

DUF. *Silence, daughter, silence!* The old lion's rouse to defend his cub—To Miss Arabella Fitzjames, Curzon Street, May Fair—give me my coat, (*crosses to L.*) my best coat!

ROSE. You have but one, Papa!

DUF. Ver well—I sall make him do. (*puts on his coat*) Come, we go out together.

ROSE. (*putting on her bonnet*) Go out! but what for?

DUF. (*all rapidly*) You sall come out at de théâtre!

ROSE. But when?

DUF. This ver night!

ROSE. In what part?

DUF. De part of Arabella Fitzjames

ROSE. Arabella's!

DUF. "*Allons, ma fille chérie, voici le jour heureux,  
Qui va conclure enfin nos desseins glorieux.  
Allons! oui, je le veux. Il faut me satisfaire!  
Il faut affranchir Rome! Il faut venger ton père.*"

*Exeunt DUFARD and ROSE D. in F.*

SCENE II.—*The Stage of the Theatre, somewhat in disorder, as if previous to a rehearsal. ACTORS, ACTRESSES, BALLET, CHORUS, &c., discovered; some seated at back, others walking to and fro.*

*Enter THEOPHILUS VAMP (the Prompter) L. H. with his watch in his hand.*

VAMP. A quarter-past two; rehearsal not begun; and this is the first night of our new piece—"The Virgin of California." Less noise, ladies and gentlemen. Ah! here comes Mr. Flat.

FLAT. (*without R.*) Tell them they must call again to-morrow. I'm busy on the stage, and cannot see anybody to-day. (*Enters R.*) Well, Mr. Vamp, are you all ready to begin? Where's Mr. Parnassus?—where's the author? He ought to be here.

VAMP. He has gone to see after Miss Fitzjames, Sir: she has not yet arrived, though everybody was called at half-past one.

FLAT. Well, at all events, you can get the stage ready, and the scene set.



VAMP. Yes, Sir. Now, Brace, look sharp. Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen; and clear the wings, too, if you please; and we shall soon be able to get on.

*The ACTORS and ACTRESSES exeunt L. H. A Landscape Scene is put on.*

FLAT. Now, quick, quick! do look alive about it. Are all the gentlemen of the orchestra in their places?

VAMP. (*looking in the orchestra*) Yes, Sir! That is—all but the drum, I think.

FLAT. Coniound that drummer—absent again! There's half the effect of the piece to come out of his drum. (*to orchestra generally*) By the bye, gentlemen of the orchestra. I shall be glad if you'll pay as much attention to your dress as possible—body coats, and white cravats, and that sort of thing; and if those who haven't 'em could cultivate a pair of mustachios or a beard, I should feel exceedingly obliged—you've no idea what a difference it makes with the public; and if your hair don't curl naturally, get it friz'd—it's half the battle to look fierce and foreign. (*turning to stage*) Now, come—can't we begin? Where are all the people? where's Mr. Timkins?—he's discovered in the opening scene.

VAMP. He's not come yet, Sir.

FLAT. Forfeit him! And Mr. Folair?

VAMP. Not here, Sir.

FLAT. Forfeit him! And Miss Neal?

VAMP. Not here, Sir.

FLAT. Forfeit her!

VAMP. And Miss Fitzjames—

FLAT. Forfeit her! Eh!—stop—no—never mind!

*VOICES behind R.*

FLAT. Eh! who is that? Is that she?

VAMP. (*looking off*) No, Sir. I fancy it is somebody who wants to see you.

FLAT. I can't see anybody. I'm busy.

*Enter DUFARD and ROSE R.*

DUF. Pardon me! but I wish to speak wiz de manager.

FLAT. (*taking the "Times" from his pocket, and beginning to read*) The manager—the manager is not here.

DUF. Excuse me—but dey told me dat he was here.

FLAT. They told you wrong, then. He's not in the Theatre.

VAMP. (*aside*) Admirable coolness! He's an extraordinary creature!

DUF. (*to FLAT*) I beg pardon, Sir, but I think you labour under a lie.

ROSE. (*aside to DUFARD*) Why, that's he, Papa!—that's he himself!

DUF. Ah—bah! I sall tickel him. (*To FLAT*) *Monsieur* Manager, I—

FLAT. Have I not told you, my good Sir, that the manager's not here?

DUF. Ah, *Monsieur*, *pardon*; but there are men in the world so celebrated dat dey cannot conceal themselves;—now, the most clevere manager in London is one of dose mans.

FLAT. Really, now—

DUF. Approach, approach, my child, and make your best curtsey to de first *dirècteur* in Europe.

ROSE. (*curtseying*) I esteem it no slight honour, Sir, believe me!

FLAT. But, really, I am so excessively busy—

DUF. (*aside to ROSE*) Hush! I'll tickel him. (*aloud to FLAT*) Of course, Sare, of course you are. Our *cousin*, the editor, told us he feared you would be!

FLAT. (*aside*) The deuce!—his cousin an editor! (*rise to L.*)

ROSE. (*astonished, to DUFARD*) Our cousin?

DUF. (*aside, to ROSE*) Hosh! *Tais toi*—hosh! I sall tickel him.

FLAT. Well, Sir, what is your business with me?

DUF. (*to ROSE aside*) I ave tickel him, you see. (*to FLAT*) Look at that wonderful child, Sare—a child vich I did bring up—vich I did educate—vich I did create on purpose for de stage. Beautiful, as you see; and with an immense talent, as you sall see when you ave engage her.

FLAT. Eh, what?

DUF. At least, dat is de opinion of her *cousin*, de editor—dat vat he say.

FLAT. The deuce! Is this cousin of yours connected with one of the large journals?

DUF. Oh, yes! very large—enormous,—much larger



than that you have in your hand; and he make love at my child—he want to marry her!

FLAT. (*with great courtesy*) Humph! I'm very sorry, my dear Sir, excessively sorry—but, unfortunately, my company is quite made up.

DUF. (*in a low, confidential voice*) Yes—but if you happen to be disappointed, and, by chance, wanted anybody in a moment to fill up?

FLAT. But I don't want anybody.

DUF. (*aside*) *Ah, diable!* (*aloud*) She act everyting, Sare; she peform everyting; she sing—she dance—she pantomime—she play de *Comédie*—de *Tragedie*—de Opera, and all for ten pound a week!

FLAT. My dear Sir, I am truly sorry, but I really have no vacancy at present—I have too many ladies already.

DUF. And, though I say ten, she vill agree for eight—eight pounds to have the pleasure of being wid you; will you not, my child?

ROSE. That I would in so excellent a Theatre, with so kind and polite a manager.

DUF. Kind and polite! he is mosh more dan dat—he is mosh more as dat—he is de true friend of all *artistes*—he is de fader and moder of all *artistes*—Oh, wonderful man! come, you sall engage for six pounds—eh?

FLAT. I can only once more repeat that it is impossible for me to—

DUF. Well, we will make it de five—de round sum—de bank-note—five—just to begin wid—you are engaged for £5, my child!

FLAT. (*losing patience*) Sir, for the last time, permit me to say that I must decline. (*aside—walking away*) Gabbling old fool!

VAMP. Ah, here they are at last!

FLAT. Who?

VAMP. Miss Fitzjames and the author.

DUF. *Malediction!* (*crosses to L. and ROSE—aside*) She cannot have receive the letter!

FLAT. Now, then, places! places!

DUF. (*going*) Come, my child, come wid your fader to our cousin, de editor—to our cousin, de editor.

CALL BOY. (L. H.) The drum hasn't come yet, Sir!

FLAT. Forfeit him, then!

DUF. (*returning eagerly*) Eh! you want de drums—I will be big drum!

FLAT. Can you play 'em?

DUF. If I can play him? *parbleu!* I ave play an air wîz variations at the Academie Royale! ask her cousin, de editor!

FLAT. Well, get into the orchestra, then.

DUF. And, my child, come and sit by my side. (*aside to her*) So you can remark all de business of de scène without her seeing you. (*to LEADER*) You vill have de kindness—(*he hands ROSE down into the orchestra*)

ROSE. (*as she goes down*) Ah, she is going to play the part though, Papa!

DUF. Then I will show you what I can do. (*in orchestra—to FLAT*) *Dites donc, Monsieur manager!* (*FLAT stoops down to listen*) As it is to you, she sall come for four pound!

FLAT. (*rushing away*) Go to the devil!

*Enter ARABELLA FITZJAMES, & HYACINTH PARNASSUS, R.H.*  
Come, come, Miss Fitzjames, you are half an hour after your time.

ARAB. You had better forfeit me! (*crosses to L.*)

PARNASSUS. (*aside to FLAT*) Have a care, my dear Sir; she has quarrelled with Fitzdangle, and she's in a most dreadful ill-humour!

ARAB. For my part, I can't understand why there was any rehearsal at all this morning—tiring people out on the first night of a new piece, when there's no necessity for it.

DUF. What airs she give herself! Prut!

ROSE. Yes, indeed!

FLAT. Come, begin, begin—for mercy's sake, begin!

VAMP. (*to orchestra*) The opening music, gentlemen, if you please. Now, Miss Fitzjames, you come in from third entrance right hand.

ARAB. (*superciliously*) Thank you, I know I do! (*DUFARD imitates her*)

MUSIC *commences in orchestra—Symphony to Recitative.*

ROSE. (*through music, despondingly*) She's going to play the part, Papa!

DUF. (*while making a note on the drum*) *Diable!* yes, I could tear my head from my hair! (*in his passion he strikes the drum very energetically—LEADER looks round at him—he continues rolling, looking closely at the part which is on the desk before him*)

PARN. (*to ARABELLA as she walks down*) My dear Madam, you don't walk right.

DUF. (*aside*) Because she got bandy legs.

PARN. You don't walk in time to the music.

ARAB. Sir, I shall walk as I please.

DUF. (*aside*) I wish she would walk her chalk! (*he rolls the drum very loud—LEADER looks round*) All right! all right!

*Second part of Symphony commences—DUFARD strikes the drum loudly again.*

PARN. There is no drum there.

DUF. Pardon—dere is two drums here.

*Symphony goes on.*

AIR.—ARABELLA.

Ah! yes; his faith I will not doubt;  
He'll to his troth be true;  
And soon, at yonder sacred shrine,  
We shall our vows renew.

Ah! yes; &c.

*Enter GEORGE (with a letter).*

GEORGE. (CALL BOY) Here's a letter for you, Ma'am. (*gives it to ARABELLA*)

ARAB. For me? (*taking it*)

FLAT. (*rising*) How dare you bring any letters here, Sir, during rehearsal? *Exit BOY.*

DUF. (*aside to ROSE*) Aha! *voila la lettre! voila la lettre!*

ARAB. (*to herself, having opened it*) Heavens! 'tis from Fitzdangle! (*to FLAT, sternly*) I suppose I may be allowed to read it?

FLAT. And stop the rehearsal again; certainly not, Ma'am!

ARAB. (*half aside*) Ugh! the brute! (*keeps letter in her hand*)

PARN. Now, pray proceed, my dear; we've passed your song; begin the recitative.

ARAB. (*aside—glancing at the letter*) He loves me! he loves me still!

ROSE. (*aside to DUFARD*) She's going to rehearse, Papa.

DUF. You sall see!

*Recitative.*

ARAB. "Now I must hasten to weave the crown of white roses, symbols of that innocence—

DUF. (*aside*) Oh!

ARAB. "Which presides o'er our happy solemnity."  
(*Three or four bars of soft, melodious music; she glances at the letter by stealth while crossing stage*)—(*aside*) He will be waiting for me to-night at Dartford.

ROSE. (*as before*) But she is going on, Papa!

DUF. You shall see—you shall see!

ARAB. (*rehearsing*) "Ah, am I worthy of this honour?—yes—for have I not sworn to remain pure."

DUF. (*aside*) Oh! pure!

ARAB. (*to herself, as before*) But I act to night—whatever shall I do? (*rehearsing*) "And I will hasten to the Temple, and renew that vow so sacred." (*MUSIC. She goes up stage, rehearses again.*) "But who is that I see, sitting near my father's house?"

PARN. (*correcting her*) Cottage, my dear.

ARAB. (*tartly*) House or cottage—it is just the same thing.

PARN. Not at all!

ARAB. A cottage is a house, I believe!

PARN. Yes; but a house is not always a cottage.

FLAT. Of course. (*rises*) A mare is a horse, but a horse is not a mare! Besides—we're here—in California.

ARAB. In California! (*looking at scene*) It looks, really, more like Chelsea water-works.

DUF. *Bon!*—good!

ARAB. (*working herself into a rage*) With your observations and your criticisms, it's enough to make one ill.

PARN. (*soothing her*) Nay, nay, my dear Miss Fitzjames.

DUF. (*as before*) Aha! here comes *de explosion!*

ARAB. (*to PARNASSUS*) Don't touch me, Sir! Oh! oh! I declare I feel so faint—so deathly sick—oh!

FLAT. Ah! it only wanted this to complete the business.

VAMP. A chair, here—bring a chair!

FLAT. (*expostulating*) Now, pray, my good Miss Fitzjames—

PARN. Get some Eau de Cologne.

VAMP. Has any one a smelling-bottle?

FLAT. (*vexedly*) Really, such a scene as this for a mere caprice—

ARAB. (*starts up suddenly—indignantly*) Caprice, Sir!

DUF. (*strikes blow on drum*) Bon!

ARAB. You are an impertinent fellow, Sir, and I'll never play in your Theatre again. So, good morning to you. (*going*)

PARN. But, madame, this is frightful!

FLAT. Horrible!

VAMP. Disgraceful!

DUF. (*as before*) Beautiful!

*They walk up and down squabbling.*

FLAT. You had better take care. Think what the public will say.

ARAB. The public may say what they choose—they ought to be pretty well used to it by this time. Farewell, Sir! (*pushing PARNASSUS away*) Stand out of the way, fellow! (*going to CALL-BOY, who is at the R. wing*) Call my carriage, Call-boy! (*pushing him off R. H. and exit after him in a fury*)

FLAT. (*to PARNASSUS*) After her—after her; persuade her to return, or I am a ruined man.

*Exit PARNASSUS R. H.*

DUF. (*calling to FLAT*) Non! Monsieur Manager; you are save.

FLAT. Hollo! who the devil said that?

DUF. (*beating both drums loudly*) De big drum! *C'est moi.*

FLAT. What?

DUF. *La* Fitzjames abandon you—but my child remain, to save you from de sky like an angel she descend; get up, my child. (*he hands ROSE up from the orchestra*)

FLAT. Psha! you're mad!

DUF. (*getting up from orchestra*) *Du tout!* she knows de part; she can repeât it dis instant; she can perform it dis moment, if you will.

ROSE. Oh, yes, Sir, I can, indeed!

FLAT. The deuce you can! well, what think you, Vamp?

VAMP. Anything is better than postponing the piece, Sir.

DUF. Postpone de piece! you can't postpone de piece!



FLAT. That's true. Well, I agree; your daughter shall play it—but stay, we must have the author's consent.

DUF. Oh, I will get dat—I will settle him!

FLAT. I warn you—he's a very particular sort of man.

DUF. *C'est égal*—I sall tickel him!

FLAT. Lose no time; he left the Theatre when he found that Miss Fitzjames would not listen to him. You had better call on him at his house.

DUF. I will! (*crosses to R.*) Come along, Rosey. Now, Mr. Manager, of course you will have de child's name painted in letters bigger as nobody else; put her age, only fifteen years and a quarter—she is a leetle more, but dat does not signify. Come along, my child.

ROSE. Oh, dear! if I should fail!

DUF. You fail! But screw your courage to de stickey-place, and be dam if you do fail! (*strikes an attitude, then exits with ROSE R. H.* *The rest go off various ways. Scene closes*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of Mr. PARNASSUS.*

*Enter (L. H.) PARNASSUS, followed by FITZDANGLE.*

PARN. I'm excessively glad that I happened to meet you, my dear Mr. Fitzdangle, for I think it is in your power to do me a most vital service.

FITZ. If I can—command me.

PARN. You'll scarcely believe it, but Miss Fitzjames absolutely refuses to play her part in my new piece to-night, and has left the Theatre, vowing she'll never enter it again.

FITZ. I'm not at all surprised at that.

PARN. But, you having most influence with her—

FITZ. Not at all. We have quarrelled.

PARN. What—seriously?

FITZ. Parted, never to meet again. We've done it a dozen times before, but, this time, we mean it.

PARN. The devil!

WILLIAM. (*without L. H.*) But you can't go in, Sir!

DUFARD. (*without L. H.*) But I must. I am the stage-manager of the Theatre.

PARN. The manager!

FITZ. (*to himself*) Surely that is the old Frenchman's voice. If they don't shut that old bird up he'll bite somebody. (*he retires a little*)

*Enter DUFARD and ROSE L. H.*

PARN. Why, this is not the—

DUF. No, Sare!—my name is Dufard—Achille Talma Dufard, *artiste du Théâtre Français*.

FITZ. (*at back—aside*) What does he want here, I wonder?

PARN. Well, Sir!

DUF. Oh, Sare—Monsieur—Monsieur—I pray you grant us one moment to recover from the emotion we prove in entering this the Sanctuary of Genius. Advance, my child, advance, and make your most profound reverence to the greatest dramatic author of the age. (*Rose curtsseys*) Anoder reverence to de *moderne* Shakspere.

FITZ. (*aside*) What the deuce is the old fox aiming at?

PARN. Pray explain the purport of this visit.

DUF. (L. H.) *Pardon*, Monsieur, de child explain it herself. Compose yourself, *mon enfant*. Dat great man shall grant you leetle *démande*—I can see it in his eye—in de middle of de lightning of genius dat play around his head. Oh, *mon dieu*! Oh! how he is like Alexander Dumas—*parle, mon enfant*!

ROSE. (L. C.) The purport of our visit is this, Sir: your piece cannot be played to-night for want of an actress, whom, we hear, is suddenly taken ill, and I come to offer my services to replace her.

PARN. You!

FITZ. (*advancing c.*) Oh! this is really ridiculous!

ROSE. (*seeing him*) Ah!

DUF. (*to her*) *Diable*! I tickel him too, if he not take care.

PARN. (*to Fitz.*) Do you know this young person?

FITZ. Oh, yes, very well. (*aside—to Rose*) Have you not got my letter?

DUF. (*placing himself between them*) Eh—letter!—What letter?

FITZ. (*aside—to PARNASSUS*) Not a word.—I'll explain all bye and bye.

PARN. (*to Rose*) And you think you could play so important a part?

ROSE. Oh! yes, Sir! I'm quite perfect in it, from having heard my friend, Miss Fitzjames, repeat it frequently; and a beautiful part it is.

FITZ. (*to PARNASSUS*) My dear fellow, you surely never would think of hazarding your reputation, and compromising the success of your piece by an act of this sort.



DUF. (*fiercely*) Mr. Piston!—or rather Mr. Fitzdangle, for I know you, Sare! I sall tell this gentleman de reason vy you speak so—(*crosses to R. C.*) It is dat you want to carry her off from the Theatre, (*to PARNASSUS*) and prevent your *piece* from being perform, and rob you of your triumph and your glory.—Oh! wonderful man!

FITZ. Humbug!

DUF. It is true, Sare, and it is not de first time dat you are do the same thing.

FITZ. I!

DUF. Yes, you! At the first representation of his last new tragedy I saw you in one private box talking and laughing, and blowing your nose to make a noise, and sneezing and hissing, and you put up your finger to your friend beside you, just so. (*taking a sight with finger to nose*)

PARN. Why, damn it, Fitzdangle, I *gave* you that private box.

FITZ. (*crosses to R. C.*) Upon my honor, I assure you, I—(*they quarrel going up. PARNASSUS comes down again centre*)

DUF. Mr. Parnassus sall see and judge for himself. Come, my daughter, recite some of de *piece* (*ROSE takes off shawl, &c.*)

FITZ. Recite what you will, I'm sure that the manager will never give his consent.

DUF. Den you are mistake, for he has give him already. Come, my daughter, recite the opening scene.

FITZ. Yes, yes, the opening is nothing!

DUF. The opening is not nothing, Sare? (*to Fitz.*) It is *all* sublime!

FITZ. Who the devil said it wasn't. (*aside*) Poor Parnassus—he believes every word of it.

DUF. Permit me to hold the M.S. (*taking M.S. from PARNASSUS*) Oh! I will take care of him. I know he is worth his weight in gold. Every word is a *diamant* (*aside*) I tickel him now. (*crosses to L.*) Now, my daughter, and do not forget, above all, to show Mr. Parnassus how beautiful you are in dat part where you find yourself very sick—go on, my child—stay—I will give you de tail.

PARN. The tale!—there is no occasion for that—we don't require the history of the plot.

DUF. No, no—de tail—de, what you call, “cue.”

PARN. Ah! ah! yes!—

DUF. (*reading the M.S.—declaims*) Now for him. “No, love, dy tears—dy prayers are voice—zou will not fly with me—I will remain! (*remarking on it*) Ah! beautiful! splendid! de common auteur would have said “I will *stay*”—but no—de *great* author put “I will *remain*”—beautiful!—go on, my child.

ROSE. (*declaiming*) Alonzo!—dear Alonzo! say not that the sacrifice I made for your safety has been made in vain—oh!—(*movement of PARNASSUS*)

DUF. (*observing the movement*) More strong upon the Oh! my child!—“Oh!”—lean upon your “Oh!” (*with great emphasis*)

ROSE. (*continuing*) Oh! must I remind you that it was to save *you* that I united myself to this demon—this fell tiger!

DUF. (*to ROSE*) Look at me—I am ze tiger!

FITZ. (*to PARNASSUS*) It is feeble, Sir!—it won’t do!

ROSE. (*continuing*) That it was to preserve your life that I consented to share the pillow whereon his fiend-like head reposes—because I knew that beneath that pillow lay the key of your dungeon.

PARN. Lay a stress on *the* key.

DUF. Dat is what I tell her—lean upon de pillow!—

PARN. No, no—on *the* key—that is the point!

DUF. Oh, yes!—but, as the key is under the pillow, if you lean on de pillow, you lean on de key—go on, my child!

ROSE. Oh, fly!—fly, my Alonzo—I conjure you, fly!

DUF. (*declaiming reply*) No, no—fly wid me, or here I stay—(*remarking on it*) Ah! de vulgar auteur would have say—“I remain”—but de man of genius say “I stay”—’Tis wonderful!—go on, my child!

ROSE. (*continuing*) But, I am no longer worthy of you.

DUF. (*as before*) Yes—more worthy now as ever (*stamping with his foot*) bang!—

FITZ. Hallo!—what’s that?

DUF. ’Tis de cannon wich announce de break of day—I play him on de drum at night.

ROSE. (*continuing*) Ah! hear you not that sound—they come!—fly!—fly!—fly!—fly!

PARN. Bravo!—very good!—very good, indeed!

DUF. (*stamping again*) Bang!

ROSE. (*as before*) Ah!—’tis too late!—too late!—too late!—ah! (*she sinks on chair*)

PARN. No—that's not exactly the thing.

FITZ. Not at all—not at all!

PARN. (*to her*) You throw a great deal of pathos, into it, my dear—but that last exclamation, "Ah!" requires more energy—more fire—a sort of scream, in fact. She is supposed to see the executioner coming.

DUF. (*to ROSE*) Try him again. (*to PARNASSUS*) You shall have him, Sare—do not fear. Now, my daughter—

ROSE. (*resumes*) Oh! 'tis too late—too late—too late! ah! (*sinks again into chair*)

PARN. No, that's not it precisely.

FITZ. It is laughable, if done in that way.

PARN. (*pulls his hair*)

DUF. No, Sare, don't pull no more of your beautiful black hair—(*seeing PARNASSUS about to rise*) one moment, one moment; now try him once more, more strong, you leetle fool.

ROSE. Oh! 'tis too late, too late! (*DUFARD in his anxiety pinches her, which makes her scream out the "Ah!"*) (*She sinks again into chair*)

PARN. Bravo, bravissimo! that's it—capital! excellent!

DUF. *Parbleu!*

PARN. Come, let's be off to the rehearsal. It will do—it will do!

FITZ. But suppose Miss Fitzjames should alter her mind and get well.

DUF. She can't, she is too bad. (*all go up except FITZ-DANGLE*)

FITZ. Oh, I can't stand this; poor dear Arabella's a bore, certainly, but she shan't be crushed. There shall be two Richmonds in the field! and, if there's no hit to-night, there shall be a most magnificent row.

*Exit L. H.*

PARN. (L. C.) Really, Sir, I must say I think this young lady is likely to prove a very great acquisition to the Theatre, and, if you please, we'll adjourn there at once.

ROSE. (L.) Oh! thank you, Sir.

DUF. Oh, Monsieur, you are too good (*hands hat, &c.*) Oh! *quel honneur!* (*PARNASSUS about to take M.S.*) Ah! *non! mille pardons*, permit dat I ave de *honneur* to carry de colossal work! Wonderful man!

*Exeunt, L. H.*

SCENE LAST—*Behind the Scenes at the Theatre. 2nd wings.*  
*It is set in such a manner that the entrance upon the stage faces the spectators. The left hand (which is supposed to be the audience side of the theatre) is a flat which prevents the actor from being seen when supposed to be before the public. People discovered lighting the wings, placing properties and making preparations for the play, which is about to commence. One or two ACTORS and ACTRESSES, and several of the BALLET dressed for their parts, are seen sauntering about. CARPENTERS setting scene, hammering, &c. GEORGE (the call boy) loitering about. They leave by degrees.*

*Enter FLAT and VAMP, U. E. R.*

FLAT. What is to be done, Vamp? What business actors and actresses have to be ill at all, I can't think. The only thing weakly about them should be their salaries. However, this time I really believe she is ill—and that's a great comfort!

VAMP. Yes, Sir! You know we have the medical certificate.

FLAT. Pooh! Anybody can get one who will take the trouble to buy a box of pectoral lozenges.

VAMP. It's fortunate, Sir, we have this young lady ready.

FLAT. The young lady is a novice, and the public don't like novices.

VAMP. She seems clever!

FLAT. And looks pretty, which is more to the purpose. Any old coachman will tell you that the success of the stage depends very much on the outsides.—At all events we can but try her; and, if the worst comes to the worst, she can but be damned.

VAMP. A dreadful shock to her parent, Sir. But the piece will be damned too.

FLAT. I don't know. The public haven't the same energy to damn that they used to have. I suppose it's the morbid antipathy to capital punishments.

*Enter GEORGE (the call boy) with hamper, R. H.*

Well, Sir, what's that?

GEORGE. It's the buckets, Sir!

FLAT. What do you mean by buckets? Oh! *bouquets*. I suppose.

GEORGE. Yes; the flowers, Sir, to fling at the lady in the last scene.

FLAT. Why, you extravagant dog—they're twopenny ones! I told that property man I wouldn't go beyond a penny—except two twopennies for a second last night—and three threepennies for a blaze of triumph. They'll not be wanted to night. Put 'em in water for the next occasion. Stay! on second thoughts, you may as well have 'em ready in a private box; and, take care the girl is called for. Many a drowning Prima Donna has been saved by a call. Vamp, come with me and see that the scene is ready.

*Exeunt FLAT and VAMP L. R.*

*Enter DUFARD R., joyfully and hastily.*

DUF. Ah! here we are at last. (GEORGE *re-enters*) How long is it before we begin, eh?

GEORGE. About five minutes, Sir. I've called the last music.

DUF. Pheugh! bless me, how warm I am! All is right now. My daughter's name is in de bill in letters grand size. *De public* is in the Theatre. Oh! *mon bon petit public*, be kind to my leetel child.

*Enter ROSE U. E. L., dressed for her part in the drama.*

ROSE. Here I am—here I am, Papa, all ready!

DUF. Ah, my child—you look an angel! (*in rapture*)

ROSE. Do you think so, Papa?

DUF. Your dress is perfection! Stay; you have not quite enough rouge on de left cheek. (*takes bit of rouge out of his pocket and carefully rouges her cheek*) There is a fine house—*beaucoup de monde*—and the ladies' *toilettes* are superb; you ave a leetel too much white on your chin. (*takes out small hare's-foot and uses it on her chin and face*) But you tremble, my darling! Come, come, you must not be frightful! See me, I am not frightful. Take some of dis: I find a sixpence in my pocket I not know of, so I buy you a leetel glass sherry. *Allons! du courage! de l'aplomb, de l'aplomb*, and you sall ave a success pyramidal!

*Re-enter VAMP.*

VAMP. Now, call away, George; the overture is on. See that everybody is ready to begin. The curtain will go up in five minutes. Where's the principal lady?



DUF. Here she is, Sare!

ROSE. Here I am, Sir!

*Enter ARABELLA, dressed for the part, with FITZDANGLE,  
U. E. L.*

ARAB. Here I am, Sir!

FITZ. Yes, here we are!

ALL. (*astonished*) Miss Fitzjames! (*they all go up*)

DUF. That woman is de devil!

ARAB. I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Ma'am, but I have resumed my part.

DUF. You cannot play him.

FITZ. Oh, yes, she can!

ARAB. (*smiling*) And very well too, I flatter myself!

DUF. But you sall not play him!

ROSE. Certainly not.

ARAB. (*coolly*) That we shall see!

DUF. Aha! de bill is publish wiz my daughter's name, Madame.

ARAB. That's not of the slightest consequence—the stage manager will announce the alteration to the audience.

FITZ. Of course! where is he? (*looking about for him*)

DUF. (*to himself*) Oh, if I could but get him out of de way! (*to GEORGE*) *Dites donc*, you ave some trap doors here?

GEORGE. Oh, yes, Sir, plenty. (*pointing to stage*)

DUF. Good! well, here—(*whispers to GEORGE*)

FITZ. Here comes the manager and the author.

*Enter FLAT and PARNASSUS, U. E. L.*

ROSE. (*rushing to FLAT*) Ah, Sir!

FLAT. (*to ROSE*) My dear Madam, I'm really very sorry, but, you see, the public interests—

PARN. Certainly—the public interests, you see—

DUF. But, Mr. Shakyspear, you were satisfied.

PARN. Why, the fact is, I have nothing to do with it personally.

ARAB. (*to ROSE and DUFARD*) You see, my good people, this thing is quite impossible!

FLAT. Come, we must clear the stage—the curtain is going up in one moment—Mr. Vamp, before it rises, you'll have the goodness to announce that Miss Fitzjames has recovered, and will resume her part.

DUF. Ah, Monsieur! *par pitié* break not my heart!

FLAT. I say, Sir, you must leave the stage!

DUF. I will not! send for your *gensdarmes*, your policemen, and for your Lord *Maire*, I will not go! I say she shall come out!

FLAT. Now, Sir, go on and make the announcement.

VAMP *is going.*

DUF. (*holding him back*) He shall not go!

ROSE. (*crying*) No; hold him tight, Papa!

VAMP. Silence! leave your hold, Sir!

DUF. (*still holding VAMP*) If I could but ring de curtain bell—

VAMP *tries to disengage himself from DUFARD, and makes his way towards L. H. as they are struggling.*

DUF. (*midst the general confusion*) Ah, mind your head!

VAMP *runs back and DUFARD puts his arm off wing 1 E, where the PROMPTER'S box is supposed to be—the curtain bell is heard to ring very loudly, and ROSE rushes on.*

FLAT. Who rung that bell? ah, the curtain is up!

DUF. De curtain is up, and my child is on de stage.

ROSE *disappears from view and is supposed to go before the audience.*

ARAB. What! she on the stage? I'll go on too!

PARN. Stop, stop, stop! would you ruin my piece?

*Applause without.*

FLAT. (*who is eagerly listening at wing of supposed stage*) Silence, silence!

ARAB. But she's playing my part!

FITZ. It is disgraceful!

FLAT. My dear Sir, it is not my fault! (*applause—resumes his situation at wing, eagerly watching the piece*)

DUF. (*delighted*) Silence, silence! she is speaking like an angel! Ah, I said she should come out! (*takes his place at the wing, eagerly watching and listening*)

ARAB. Oh, I'll be revenged!

PARN. (*at wing*) Ah! where's the Alonzo? he ought to be on the stage. (*Exeunt STAGE MANAGER and AUTHOR, greatly agitated. ALONZO rushes on. Applause.*) Eh, thank Heaven! there he is.



ARAB. Yes! your piece will fail, though! You'll see!

FITZ. It shall fail!

ARAB. (*to FITZDANGLE*) And you, Sir, *you*, who said that she should not play the part, go and get your friends to hiss her, or you never see me more. (*Exit in a rage*)

FITZ. I'll go this instant.

DUF. (*stays him*) Hollo, where you go?

FITZ. To the front of the house.

DUF. To applaud?

FITZ. Quite the reverse. (*going*)

DUF. (*seizing him by the coat tail*) What, hiss my child! *Monster! tu n'iras pas.*

FITZ. Hands off, fool!

DUF. You shall not go!

FITZ. Who will prevent me?

DUF. I will. (*Stamps three times with his foot on the stage; the trap pointed out by the call boy, and on which FITZDANGLE is standing, suddenly descends with him*)

FITZ. (*as he descends*) Hollo! hollo! what is this? help! help! (*trap closes*)

DUF. Ah! good bye.

FLAT. (*popping in his head*) Silence, silence, there!

ROSE. (*re-appearing at wing L. H., and declaiming as if about to exit from scene*) "Adieu! adieu! thou hast my love, and should danger menace, they shall strike through my heart, ere their daggers shall reach thine." (*Applause*)

(*She comes on as if having finished the scene*)

DUF. Bravo! bravo! you have performed it superb.

ROSE. Oh dear, how warm I am! I declare it is very hard work.

DUF. So it is, so it is, my love. (*gives her drink*)

FLAT. (*coming down eagerly*) Excellent, my dear Madam, excellent! but you've no time to spare—you're on again in a moment to finish the scene, you know.

ROSE. Yes, yes; but I must have my hair in disorder. (*arranging and undoing her hair*)

DUF. (*assisting her*) I will do him—*tenez, tenez*—there! shake him about; it all her own, it won't come off.

VAMP. (*appearing for a moment*) Now, Miss, the stage is waiting.

ROSE. (*resuming her tragedy tones*) "Ah! to a dungeon say

you? Hold, villain! I command you!" (*Exits on to supposed stage*)

FLAT. (*to himself*) Capital! glorious! What fire! what energy! This girl will make my fortune. (*Great applause heard*) (*To DUFARD*) Now, my dear Sir, I'm ready to engage your daughter immediately.

DUF. I should think so, for it is a colossal *début*.

FLAT. Let me see; you told me this morning four pounds a week, I believe?

DUF. £10. I told you ten pounds. (*aside*) Now, I tickle him!

FLAT. Yes—but you ended by saying four.

DUF. But I begin with ten. (*great applause behind*)

FLAT. Well, I'm a liberal man—£10 be it, I'll give her £10.

DUF. What! no more—no more than ten after a success like that? I must have fifteen. (*applause behind*)

FLAT. But £15, you know, is an enormous sum! (*applause*)

DUF. £15 and a benefit.

FLAT. Upon my word, Mr.—(*applause and shouts of "bravo"*)

DUF. You had better settle him at once, or I shall have twenty if the public proceed in this way. (*shouts and applause*)

*Rose appears picking up bouquets.*

FLAT. Well, fifteen be it—I'll give fifteen!

*Rose enters surrounded by VAMP, &c., bouquets thrown after her. DUFARD puts wreath on PARNASSUS' head.*

ROSE. Thank you! I thank you! Oh, Papa! my dear Papa!

DUF. My darling child! (*embracing her*) Well, you have tickled the public—eh? ah! my darling child.

PARNASSUS. (*rushing in eagerly*) Where is she? Where is she? Ah, excellent,! charming! magnificent!—Melody in every tone—genius in every glance—grace in every gesture!

DUF. Eh, bien! Monsieur Flat—what you say? £20?

FLAT. Most happy, I'm sure!—But come, we must begin the Second Act.

DUF. Ah, oui, en place—Come along. (*shouts of "Miss Dufard," and applause*) Stop—stop—listen.

GEORGE. (*entering*) Sir! Sir! they are calling for Miss Dufard. They'll tear up the benches if she don't come.

FLAT. Where's Mr. Vamp, to take her on?

DUF. I sall take her myself.

FLAT. But, my dear Sir, you're not dressed!

DUF. *C'est égal*—I am her fader—the public shall excuse me—*attendez!* (*rouges himself*) *Allons! ma fille!*—mais stop—What I see? dere is a public here also! Oh! dear me! dear me! *mais courage!* perhaps dey will be as kind as de odere public dere. I sall presume to take the liberty to ask dem!—Messieurs and Mesdames!

We've had applause behind de scene,

I've tickel dem 'tis true,

But dat, alas, is leetel worth

Unless I tickel you.

Ah, say, den, dat de debutante

Again shall reappear,

And let de plaudits over dere

Now find an echo here!

CURTAIN.

# MUSIC OF BURLESQUES, OPERAS, & DRAMAS TO LOAN.

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Ali Baba [Miss Keating] burl. p. v.	5	0	Dolly, comic opera, p. v.	15	0
Ali Baba [Byron] burl. p. v.	20	0	Ditto, 14 band parts	15	0
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Blue Beard [Byron's] burl. p. v.	15	0	Fra Diavola, burl., p. v.	20	0
Ditto, 6 band parts	10	0	Ditto, 9 band parts	15	0
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Bottle Imp, drama, 1 & 2 violin, basso	3	0	Gwynneth Vaughan, p. v., 6 b. pts	5	0
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Corsican Brothers, 6 band parts	7	6	Innkeeper's Daughter, 4 b. parts	5	0
Comus, opera, p. v.	5	0	Invincibles, The, 5 band parts	5	0
Court of Lyons, burl. p. v.	15	0	Ivanhoe, burl. p. v.	15	0
Creatures of Impulse, fairy tale, p. v.	10	0	Ditto, 8 band parts	10	0
* Ditto 10 band parts	15	0	Ixion, p. v.	20	0
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Cricket on Hearth, dra. 10 bnd pts	5	0			

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Jack and the Beanstalk, p. v. ....	7	6	Octoroon, 10 band parts .....	15	
Jack Robinson and his Monkey, 6 band parts .....	5	0	Of Age to-morrow, opera .....	3	
Jack Sheppard (songs in).....	1	0	Of Noble Birth, p. v. ....	7	
Jeanette's Wedding Day, p. v. ....	15	0	Orpheus and Eurydice, [Brough] p. v.	2	
Joan of Arc, burl. p. v. ....	15	0	Padlock, The, opera, p. v. ....	3	
Joan of Arc, drama, 4 band parts..	5	0	Pas de Fascination, 8 band parts ...	5	
Johu of Paris .....	10	0	Patient Penelope, p. v. ....	10	
Kenilworth, burl. p. v. ....	20	0	Perdita, burl. p. v. ....	20	
King Alfred and the cakes, burl. p. v.	3	0	Pills of Wisdom, p. v. ....	10	
Lady Godiva, vocal, and 13 band pts.	20	0	Pirates, opéra, p. v. ....	5	
Lady of the Lake, score, 5 b. p. ..	7	6	Pizarro, p. v. ....	3	
Lady of Lyons, [Byron] burl. p. v. ....	15	0	Ditto, 4 band parts .....	2	
Ditto, 5 band parts .....	10	0	Prince Nicey Nosey, p. v. ....	7	
La Somnambula [Byron] burl. ....	15	0	Princess Charming, p. v. ....	20	
Ditto, 6 band parts .....	10	0	Prize, The, opera, p. v. ....	2	
Little Red Riding Hood, p. v. ....	7	6	Puss in Boots, [Planché] full score	7	
Loan of a Lover, p. v. ....	5	0	Puss in Boots [Miss Keating] p. v.	5	
Lodoiska, opera, p. v. ....	2	6	Quaker, p. v. ....	5	
Lord Lovel, p. v. ....	7	6	Raymond and Agnes, 3 band parts	3	
Lost and Found, p. v. ....	5	0	Review, p. v. ....	5	
Love by Lantern Light, p. v. ....	10	0	Robert Macaire, 4 band parts .....	2	
Love in a Village, p. v. ....	5	0	Rob Roy, p. v. ....	5	
Love in a Village, 7 band parts ..	7	6	Ditto, 8 band parts .....	5	
Love Laughs at Locksmiths, p. v.	3	6	Robin Hood, burl. p. v. ....	15	
Lucille, 6 band parts .....	5	0	Ditto, 8 band parts .....	15	
Luke Somerton, 10 band parts .....	7	6	Robinson Crusoe, p. v. (evening ent.)	5	
Luke the Labourer, 6 band parts ..	2	6	Robinson Crusoe [Byron], p. v. ..	7	
Macbeth, tragedy, v. score & 8 b. pts.	19	0	Rosina, opera, p. v. ....	3	
Macbeth Travestie, p. v. ....	7	6	Sardanapalus, tragedy, entire music	7	
Ditto, 4 band parts .....	5	0	School Bor-ed, p. v. ....	10	
Madame Angot, p. v. ....	5	0	Sentinel, p. v. ....	5	
Maid and Magpie, drama, p. score...	3	6	Ditto, 14 band parts .....	15	
Maid and Magpie, [Byron] burl. p. v.	20	0	Shepherd of Cournouilles, p. v. ....	3	
Ditto, 9 band parts .....	15	0	Siege of Rochelle, p. v. ....	10	
Maid of the Mill, opera, p. v. ....	2	6	Sleeping Beauty [Miss Keating] p. v.	5	
Maid with Milking Pail (song) .....	1	0	Sister's Sacrifice, 11 band parts .....	15	
Manager Strutt, 8 band parts .....	5	0	Sweethearts and Wives, p. v. ....	5	
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Marriage Figaro, C'tess pt, with bass	5	0	Swiss Cottage, p. v. ....	5	
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Ditto, 12 band parts .....	15	0	Men Tortured Tutors, p. v. ....	7	
Masaniello, burl. p. v. ....	20	0	Tell with a Vengeance, p. v. ....	7	
Masaniello, drama, 4 band parts .....	3	6	Ditto, 10 band parts .....	7	
Mazeppa, 10 band parts .....	10	0	Therese, 5 band parts .....	5	
Medea, burl. full vocal score .....	10	0	Tower of Nesle, 9 band parts ....	7	
Ditto, 8 band parts .....	10	0	Trombalcazar, p. v. ....	7	
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Ditto, 9 band parts .....	10	0	Ditto, 6 band parts .....	2	
Miller and Men, drama, 5 band parts	7	6	William Tell [Brough] p. v. ....	2	
Miller Out-witted, 3 band parts ...	2	6	White Cat [Keating] p. v. ....	3	
Minerali, 3 band parts .....	2	6	White Cat [Planché] full score .....	5	
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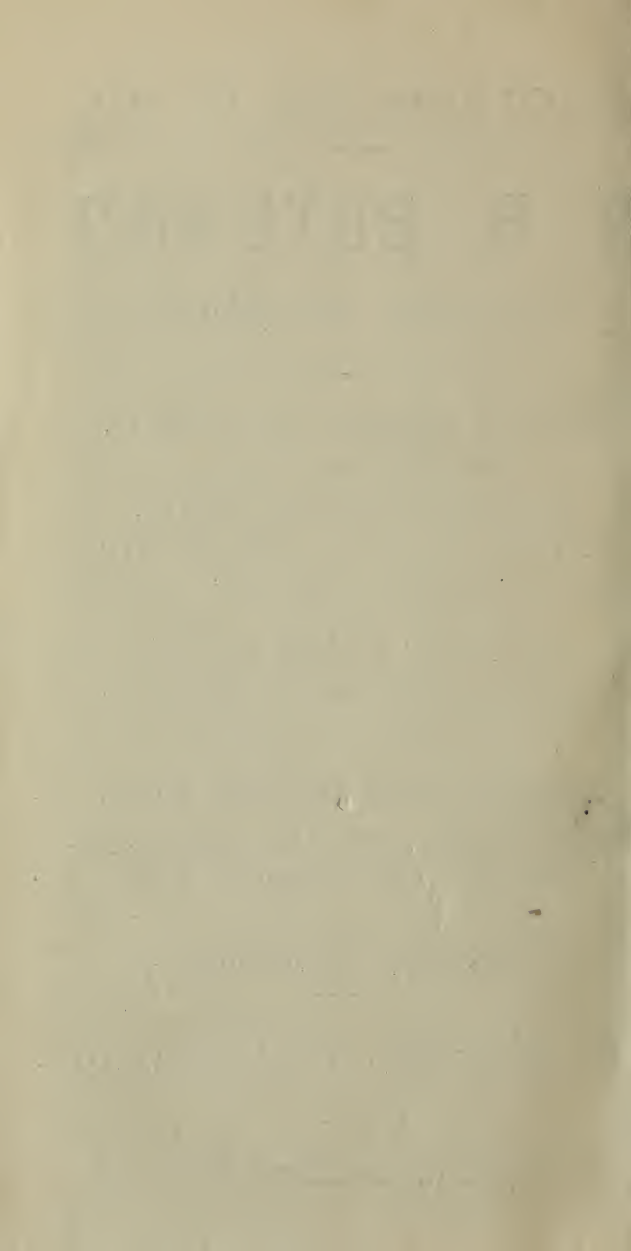
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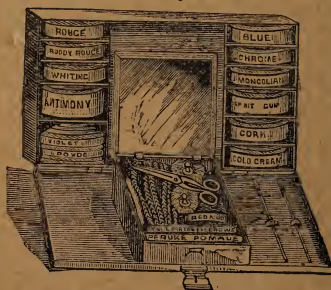
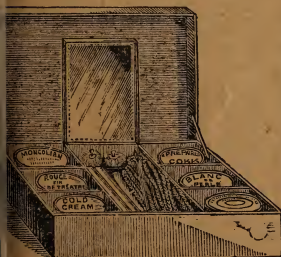
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